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A FEW TESTIMONIALS.

Ex-President Harrison Says:
MR. GEO. C. PEARSON:
Dear Sir—I am no musician myself, but my wife and daughter, who regard the Hazelton Piano as in every respect satisfactory, and say that they could not desire a better instrument.

The Hon. John C. New Says:
MR. GEO. C. PEARSON:
Dear Sir—It affords me great pleasure to say that the Hazelton Bros. Piano purchased some nine years ago has given perfect satisfaction in every respect. We have had instruments of other celebrated makes in our house, but none of them proved so satisfactory as the one now in use.

Fred Fahney, of Fahney & McCrea, Says:
MR. GEO. C. PEARSON:
Dear Sir—We made selection of our Hazelton Bros. Upright Piano from among the Steinway, Hazelton and Knabe Pianos. In the comparison the Hazelton showed itself so far superior to others in tone, touch, finish and workmanship that we purchased the Hazelton, and twelve years of use has fully convinced us that the Hazelton Pianos stand unrivaled.

Yours very respectfully, FRED FAHNEY.
MR. GEO. C. PEARSON:
Dear Sir—We thought we were purchasing the "best piano" when we purchased an Upright Steinway & Sons, but we soon discovered our error after becoming acquainted with the Hazelton Pianos, which had found their way into the homes of so many of our friends. We became so dissatisfied with our Steinway that we purchased a Hazelton Upright Piano

and traded our Steinway as part pay, and ten years of use has fully convinced us that we now have what we thought we were getting at first, "the best piano."

Yours truly, HENRY WETZEL.
(Pearson & Wetzels, Wholesale Queensware.)
Hon. L. T. Michener, Attorney-General, Says:
MR. GEO. C. PEARSON:
Dear Sir—The beautiful Hazelton Bros. Upright Piano which I recently purchased from you is giving entire satisfaction. It is much admired by all who see and hear it, because of its full, rich tone and exquisite workmanship. My wife and daughter join me in thanking you for selecting for us so fine an instrument.

L. T. MICHENER.
Chas. Soehner, the Well-known ex-Piano-Dealer, Says:
MR. GEO. C. PEARSON:
Dear Sir—My father and myself were engaged in the piano trade for nearly thirty years, and during that time handled almost all the leading brands of pianos, such as Steinway, Hazelton, Chickering, Knabe and others, but none of them proved so entirely satisfactory in every respect as the Hazelton.

Yours truly, CHAS. SOEHNER.
MR. GEO. C. PEARSON, City:
Dear Sir—Words can hardly express the satisfaction and pleasure we derive in owning so fine an instrument as the beautiful Hazelton Bros. Upright Piano purchased from you. It gives us so much better satisfaction than the Decker Bros. Upright Piano which we traded to you in part pay on the Hazelton Piano.

Yours respectfully, MRS. G. G. HOWE.

The remarkable wearing qualities of the celebrated HAZELTON PIANOS are such that after ten or fifteen years of use they show no little signs of wear and retain their full, rich quality of tone to such a wonderful extent that they are readily mistaken for new pianos. They are fully warranted for ten years, just twice as long as any other first-class piano. Beautiful new styles just received; cases finished in ebony, mahogany, English oak, French burl and Circassian walnut, with beautiful hand-carved and engraved panels.

In addition to our large assortment of Hazelton Pianos we carry a large stock of the well-known KRAKAUER BROS. PIANOS, BLAISUS & SONS' PIANOS, KRELL PIANOS and STERLING PIANOS; also PACKARD and STERLING ORGANS, which we are offering at

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Fine PIANO TUNING and REPAIRING a specialty. Squares, \$2; Uprights, \$2.50.

STORIES OF THE OCCULT

Every One Knows of Mysterious Things that Touch Upon the "Borderland."

Discussion of Queer Happenings Never Satisfactorily Explained, Together with Some Tales of a Supernatural Coloring.

It is rather a curious circumstance that interest in the possibilities of a separate spiritual existence is apt to be keenest when the individual is in a state of physical ease and content. On a recent Sunday evening, at a certain dinner table, around which was assembled a company of very-much alive men and women, some one spoke of the increased attention that is being given by intelligent people to the occult. This brought on a discussion of Mr. Stead's experiments in telepathic communication and of the work of the various psychical research societies. After adjournment to the parlor the friends the talk drifted on in the same line. Perhaps it was the dim light, perhaps the sense of peace with all the world that fills the souls of those who have dined well; possibly the assurance of a sympathetic hearing; but, at all events, something led one, then another, and then all, into an expression of belief in the supernatural, or into the relation of strange incidents within their knowledge, or of curious personal experiences—confidences which, under ordinary circumstances, people are a little shy of making even to most intimate friends. Then, most unusual of all, it was agreed, when the little company was reluctantly separating, that these stories might be retold in print—provided, emphatically, that there should be no "naming of names."

"For my part," said a woman spoken of by her friends as "so sensible, you know," "for my part I never saw a ghost, but in one respect I am like Sidney Smith—or, what celebrity was it—who said he did not believe in ghosts, but was dreadfully afraid of them." "Oh, as to ghosts," said the vivacious little blonde lady in the corner of the big sofa, "I'm sure I do not know whether I believe in them or not, but I do have a sneaking faith in dreams. Now, I had a most vivid dream the other night about seeing a woman I once knew in another town in the State. The scene was so slight I had not met her for five years, nor do I remember having thought of her in that time. The day following the dream, who should make me a call but that identical woman! The same sort of thing has happened to me so many times that I can hardly regard the subsequent fulfillment of such dreams as a coincidence, but what is it?"

TRYING TO ACCOUNT FOR IT.
"It may be thought transference," answered the woman in the blue gown. "I suppose there might be such a thing as telepathic communication during sleep, but somehow I can put no confidence in the visions of the night. Dreams are so—so unreal, and so elusive. But I do believe in telepathy in waking hours. We have examples of it every day of our lives. What is so common as for two people sitting in the same room to give simultaneous utterance to the same thought when there has been nothing in the previous conversation to lead up to it? Does it always 'happen' so, or is there scientific cause for it? As to letters, I cannot go quite so far as Mark Twain in my theories and experience, but I do think that the frequency with which letters cross each other between friends and business acquaintances when there has been no special reason for expecting such correspondence shows that the mind of one writer impresses itself upon that of the other at the time of writing. Only a few weeks ago it was suddenly and unaccountably 'borne in' upon me that I was about to see an old friend, a man who had been out of sight and knowledge for several years. Nothing had occurred to suggest his name, and I knew of no reason why he should write, but when I was, a few days later, a letter arrived I was fully expecting it. It was written two days before, just at the time the thought of him had come into my mind."

"I am told by a musical friend," began the gentleman who does not know one tune from another, "that it is remarkable how often two or more musicians, when together informally, will fall to humming or singing the same song, when, from their respective tastes and habits, it might have been expected that each would make a different choice. If I were to take part in a duet of this sort I should at once be convinced either that the music had been set or that telepathic influence was indeed powerful."

"Let me tell you a little story," interrupted the gentleman in the blue gown, who had until now been silent. "A few years ago two men—well, we will call them Smith and Jones—were partners in the millinery business in an Illinois town. Smith was a practical miller and attended to the operations of the flouring mill; Jones manufactured the barrels used by the firm. For some reason Jones withdrew from the partnership and removed to another town, the feeling between the two men being, however, a friendly one. He did not prosper in his new home. Business disasters overtook him, he fell ill, and finally, at the end of two years, he and his family were reduced almost to the starvation point. One day Jones said to his wife, 'I have a lot of bread in the oven. This is the last of our flour.' Jones had no money to get more, and he thought of his friends in Illinois. He had neglected him, I'll fix it all right by sending him a couple of barrels of flour. That will never come amiss in a family like his. Here he took a barrel of flour, Jones was eaten the two barrels of flour had arrived. You can call that divine intervention, a case of telepathy, or a coincidence, as you please. I don't care to express an opinion."

WHAT A MOTHER HEARD.
"There is a lady, whom some of you know very well, now living in this city," said the gentleman with the gray beard, "whose son, some ten or twelve years ago, sailed from New York for a cruise in southern seas. He was well and strong, and there was no cause why his mother should feel anxiously about him, except such reasons as all mothers have. One night, some months after his departure, she awoke in the middle of the night with her son's voice ringing in her ears with the cry 'Mother! Mother! Mother!' It was a voice of distress, and as distinct to her hearing as if the speaker were at her side. She slept no more that night, feeling sure that her boy was dead or in danger. In due time she received a letter from a companion containing an account of the young man's death from fever on ship-board in the South Atlantic, and a statement that in his last moments he had said with a loud cry 'Mother! Mother! Mother!'"

There was a silence after this, broken by the lady in black. "My story is a little different," she said. "Last summer I called upon a friend who had as a visitor a charming old lady from a distant State. She chatted for a time in an entertaining way with all sorts of everyday topics, and then said, in an interval when my friend was called from the room: 'My dear, I have something pleasant to tell you. I have in some degree what the Scotch people call second sight. I see that you are about to receive a sum of money as a legacy from an old man who has lately died or is about to die. Have you a lost relative?' I had not, and could think of no one except my father, whose death would bring me any bequest. 'It is not your father,' she said when I told her this; 'this is an unmarried man.' At

the time she was telling me this a letter was on its way across the Atlantic informing me of the death of an old uncle, of whom we had lost sight for years, and of whose latest information received word that he was about to be married. He had died a bachelor, without a will, and leaving a little property, to which I was one of the heirs. He told me a number of other things whose fulfillment was equally as remarkable as this."

"Second sight is another name for clairvoyance, I suppose," said the blonde lady who believed in dreams. "There must be something in clairvoyance, because there are enough authentic cases of the kind just told to prove that certain persons, under certain conditions, are aware of more than their five senses can tell them; but the word 'clairvoyant' suggests spiritualism, and with spiritualism is connected so much humbug that I always want to shy off from a discussion of it. I think there is something that could convince me that there is anything in it. I have heard of two or three cases of women—not 'mediums' nor 'professional'—but women in private life, knowing nothing about the piano, suddenly found themselves able to play the most difficult compositions in the most correct style. The technical term for this is 'inspirational playing.' Now, I know as little about the piano as our friend over yonder does about singing, and I think I am open to conviction in this respect to operate the keys tunelessly through my fingers. I am open to conviction in that line, however, at any time."

WHAT A WIFE SAYS.
"Speaking of spiritualism," remarked the man with the eye-glasses, whom everybody had supposed to be asleep, "speaking of spiritualism reminds me of the explanation once made by an acquaintance of mine of her adoption of this peculiar cult. She was quite elderly when I first knew her, a woman highly educated and of uncommon intelligence, born and bred in Boston (need I say more), and I was much surprised when I learned that she was a regular victim of spiritualism. I suppose I must have implicitly expressed my surprise, but at a moment of confidence, one day, she told me this story: Years before, in her Boston home, her husband left her one evening on some business down town. He was seldom absent in the evening, being a most exemplary man, between whom and herself was the deepest affection, but she felt no doubt that he was in the parlor reading, her children being asleep upstairs. The door into the hall stood open, and about 9 o'clock, an hour earlier than she expected her husband to return, she heard the door open, and looking up saw him, as she thought, at the foot of the stairs. His hands were toward her, and he was leaning forward, his general appearance rather disordered, and on his white shirt front—there were low-cut vests then—there was a dark stain as of a splash of mud. She made some remark about his early arrival, to which he gave no reply but passed on up the stairs. She wondered a little, and feeling no alarm, but as he did not return she presently followed him. He was not in his room; he was not in any room on that floor, and she went on to the second story, not alarmed, she descended, still in search of him. By the time she reached the lower step a little procession had arrived at her door, and she saw the dead body of her husband. He had been killed half an hour before in some accident, I have forgotten what. On his breast was a stain as she had observed it, but it was a stain of blood. What had she seen? What or who was it that had entered the door and passed up the stairs? She said, her husband was dead. Having seen it once she believed she could do so again, hence her faith in spiritualism and its manifestations."

WOMAN AS A PARLIAMENTARIAN.
She Has Little Use for Cashing and Less for New York Weeklies.

It was a typical meeting that of the Women's League for the Promotion of the Use of Linen Collars among Immigrants, which was held on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, the programme said. At 10:15 the worthy but somewhat antiquated charter member for twenty-five years arrived. Next the President arrived, and five minutes later the ladies came in. At 10:30 the first meeting this was to be and who were tremulous with awe. Next the President arrived, and five minutes later the ladies came in. At 10:30 the first meeting this was to be and who were tremulous with awe. Next the President arrived, and five minutes later the ladies came in. At 10:30 the first meeting this was to be and who were tremulous with awe.

Each member of the committee had her own particular injunction to issue to the unfortunate ignoramus, and they whistled and sang for several minutes. Then the charter member lost her temper and addressed the chair in tones of commingled wrath and sarcasm. "Hadin't the meeting adjourned at once?" Then the ladies could exchange confidences with more ease. After which the president presided over the meeting by reading a rapping on table with the knob of her hatpin, and saying: "Ladies, we are a little late. That was while the city bells were ringing out the hour of noon. The various papers on substituting celluloid and paper for linen, the striped collar as a civilizing influence upon the immigrant, and the use of the house collar as a were doubtless excellent. They were read in so low a tone, however, that the modest and unassuming writers that very little was audible. The part which was heard in each instance related, curiously enough, to woman's dress, and to the use of the striped collar as a civilizing influence upon the immigrant. The part which was heard in each instance related, curiously enough, to woman's dress, and to the use of the striped collar as a civilizing influence upon the immigrant.

The business of the meeting was to arrange for the annual breakfast of the society. Whether to hold this festive meal at 10 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon was the subject of much contention. Then it was debated whether it should be held on Friday or Tuesday. One of the recent initiatives timely stated that the by-laws of the league decided that the annual breakfast should be held on the first Tuesday in March. But she was properly rebuked by having an experienced member say sharply: "What difference does that make?" The matter was settled by a vote to hold a tea on the second Wednesday in this month, and the meeting adjourned informally without any motion to that effect.

THE RED VEIL.
The red veil has come over from Paris and the New York girls like it and look very pretty behind it. Red is one color that suits everybody; there are reds and reds, but the vital red—the red in the complexion, the lips, ears or palms—is the tint for a girl to match when she wants to look her very best. If red must be worn it is just as well to remember that black is the ugliest thing that can be put on, over or near the face. A blue veil is charitable, a white veil is beautiful, a red one is beautifying and a black one is searching, treacherous and inartistic. Every biemish and imperfection, every grain of powder and rouge, every trace of worry, age and illness, confides itself to the moans of a black veil.

THE NEWSPAPERS OF PARIS

Their Business Methods Are Novel and Their News Service Very Inferior.

They Will Print as News Matter Anything That Is Paid For, and Their Chief Purpose Is to Make Money for Their Owners.

Special Correspondence of the Sunday Journal.

PARIS, Feb. 15.—Among the many institutions more or less discredited by the great Panama scandal there is not one which appears in a worse light than the French press. This medium of popular enlightenment, the guide and guard of the people, as it ought to be, is shown to have been subsided in the interests of a mammoth fraud by which money has been recked in millions out of the pockets of rich and poor alike. Not only this, but it is convicted morally of levying blackmail upon the promoters of this fraud. It did more than simply receive that which was offered to it. It was not passively bribed to put this enterprise; it was an aggressive claimant for bribes. It seems really to have been a leader in that band of social brigands who, as Charles de Lesseps so graphically put it, went at the directors with drawn knives, and in true highway style demanded their money or their lives. Happily this does not apply to all the Parisian newspapers. There were honorable exceptions. Not enough, however, to redeem the craft from disgrace, or to turn the sharp edge of censure from the French press considered as an institution.

To American thought these revelations are all the more astounding because, as it appears at present, no steps are to be taken to punish them. The papers involved pursue their career as though nothing had happened. Editors and publishers, far from feeling themselves disgraced, seem rather to be taking pride in the excellent management they displayed. We have not discovered, either, that there is any marked indignation towards them on the part of their deluded constituency, the great French public. Popular indignation has changed after a time, but at present it seems to look upon this latest exposure of the venality of the press with remarkable leniency almost, in fact, with indifference. It is difficult to account for this. Judged by its own recognized standards the French press has only acted in this instance as it usually does in any paper nothing but what is strictly proper. Its columns are always for sale. Between advertisements and editorial puff the line of demarcation is very dim, and in many papers it vanishes completely out of sight.

QUEER BUSINESS METHODS.
It could hardly be said, perhaps, that it is customary for French newspapers to sell their influence to schemes of fraud. But they constantly sell it for ordinary business purposes, and many of them are bought up regularly by agents of the government. This is no secret, and we have not heard that either the government, the newspapers or anybody were to be punished for this. The papers are not ashamed of the feeling of shame on the subject. As regards the papers, they openly advertise that they will publish what is sent to them, and the editor gives no notice of any paper cases in from \$3 to \$5 a line, and it is understood, of course, that what is put in at these rates will appear in the paper. The papers are not ashamed of this. Even society and the great world of art are subsidized in this fashion. You may be quite sure that every notable wedding party, a society ball, or a theatrical performance has been paid for at a steep rate, and as to the many disguised mercantile "ads" which the papers print upon the reading public, everybody understands—at least every well informed person in France does—that as a rule they will be indifferent, elusive or unresponsive in their terms, accordingly as the client may have approximated to these degrees in the necessary check furnished for prepayment.

Here is a good introduction, though not a very flattering one, to a few notes upon the French press in general. By no means emphatically the "Parisian" press, for whether Paris is France in any other sense or not, it certainly is in this. Outside of this city there are scarcely any newspapers worth naming, and what is more to the point, we should find none in Paris itself worth naming if we judged them by American standards. The ordinary size is four pages, the paper used being wretchedly poor, and the appearance and make up hardly equal to that of our average Saturday Evening Gazette. Parisian newspapers have been divided into two classes, the grave and the gay, and the former are the representative of the former and the latter of the latter. Needless to say that in the capital of France newspapers of a decidedly frivolous bent are largely in the ascendant, and it may be taken generally as a matter of course that the sort of gaiety which is most predominant has a decidedly personal flavor with not a little admixture of scandal in it.

As to the serious journals, those which make a pretense of being real newspapers and of keeping their readers abreast of the current events, one can only say, judging again from the American standpoint, that the Paris newspapers which aim at this are almost entirely devoid of interest. In fact, only a few are subscribers even to these; the great mass get what little outside news they desire from the clippings which are often venerable with age. Not one of them has a correspondent in the United States, and when the reader only thinks that representatives of the Paris press are to be found in every country under the sun, and that the columns of American papers teem with European correspondence, he is bound to feel that he will have before him the data for a fair comparison between American newspaper enterprise and that poor apology for the press which goes by the name of the largest city of the European continent.

INEFFICIENT NEWS SERVICE.
We had thought the English papers slow enough, and everybody knows they are heavy enough, with their ponderous leading articles, their solemn regard for unimportant details, and their page after page of closely set advertising matter. The English papers, however, do at least give you the news of the day. In fact, they serve you a fair resume, excepting from our side of the Atlantic, of the news of the world. But the Parisian press does not serve you a fair resume, excepting from our side of the Atlantic, of the news of the world. It is against its policy to do so. With these French papers news is a mere incident. The great thing is to make a sensation, and the next, to afford examples of fine writing, while another very obvious purpose is to enable scribblers to write themselves into notoriety, which they can do more easily in France than either in England or America, because, as a rule, all articles here are signed.

Perhaps, though, we ought to revise this classification, and say that French papers are run chiefly to make money, and to do this by whatever means may promise the most quickest returns. Speaking of advertisements in English papers, it is anything but pleasant to take up the London Telegraph and find its eighth page, as we have done many times, divided into five for advertising matter and three only for what a fellow wants to read. It is also exasperating to find long editorial columns where you would like to see bright allusion to passing events. But in England you are never puzzled to know where the advertisements break off and the editorial opinions begin, whereas in France this is a form of perplexity which, like the poor, is with you always.